

[illegible]

11

But when we say "Father" we mean in earnest
to give mean, that he whom we call upon is a
Father actually, not an imaginary venge?
Not a Father who would give his own life for
the father elder son, that would step out the
father elder son that would step out the
but a Father to whom every one of his children
is dear as a man his son? Alas!
his stumbling at the first word "Dad" shows
not meeting the next also? Let us hope that all
children's relations had a strong impression of this

(Appointed)

The sportsman as well as the village boy, who are
allowed to wander some there in the park.
If you have ~~never~~ ^{never} been in the moor, you will
not understand why they are delighted. I remember
from a boy who had never tasted fresh bread & milk.
I know they love it. I think they have a
black & white is certainly your usual pick you
very carefully for in many parts, they ~~are~~
are no better than soaking sponges, brim full
of water. There is grass on the ^{surface} top perhaps.
If you put down your foot, it goes. Now the
knee in black mud will for you of the other
foot ^{on dry land} in firm ground. It is in these places
that nearly all the rivers of the moor gather their
waters. There is a wide spongy moor in the
north-west ^{corner of the moor} called Dodd's Dell, a green
spongy moss, of which you certainly will
not come with clean feet. Follow up the dell
to the Wharfe, or the Ribbles, both very beginning
& they will ~~take~~ ^{lead} you to Dodd's Dell. Then
you come upon ~~half a dozen~~ ^{many} slow, narrow
rivers of ^{clear} brown water not bigger than a roadside
gutter. These ~~flow~~ ^{run} into one another, & make the
moor ^{neat} other of.

Small beginning of the ~~small~~ ^{small} rivers of the moor
today. You track on of these little rivulets back
if you are not afraid of drinking in the moss.
You just see the water arising out of the spongy
earth which is too full to hold any more.

To trace a great river to its small
beginnings is very pleasant no doubt, but
you cannot do this every day. This is not the
delight of the moor. You know back your head
& fill your lungs with the fine air, you look round
& there is not a soul in sight but yourself & your
friends. Your eyes brighten & your cheek is rosy
& you are ready to dance & shout & sing for joy.
Just

just because you are breathing the pure sweet
air of these ~~and~~ highlands, & have the wide world to
~~your eyes~~ ^{as you can see it}. ~~Don't~~ ^{Don't} ~~imagine~~ ^{imagine} that the whole of western
Yorkshire is one high table land. There are many more
downs of their shelves down into a soft
green dale: a dale because another moor rises
on the other side of it; it is a valley shut in
between two mountain walls. A ~~deep~~ ^{wide} ~~glacier~~ ^{glacier} ~~climb~~ ^{climb}
the slope on either side you find yourself not on a
hill-top, but on a great ^{wide} ~~moor~~ ^{moor}.
The rivers, ~~now~~ ^{wide} have ~~land~~ ^{land}, gather their waters
on the moors. Every river is always making
its way down; striving to reach the lowest point
it can find, until at last it ~~works~~ ^{always} its way
to the sea which is lower than the land. These
moor waters have not waited patiently to get to the
edge of the moor, ~~then descended by sudden leaps~~ ^{then poured their waters down}
its side, but they have cut channels, beds, for
themselves, ~~in~~ ^{solid} the rock. The rock of which
the moorlands consist is generally of a very
soft kind, called mountain limestone, & the
running water has worn it away, & worn it away, until
every little beck has made, in the course of
long ages a broad deep valley, where there are
villages & towns, trees & green meadows, ~~gathered~~ ^{that the water does the work}
about the running stream. ~~It is a running water, beginning to carve at a valley~~ ^{It is a running water, beginning to carve at a valley}
So many streams & rivers & becks are there
in this region that the moor is cut-up in
all directions by the lovely "dales" of the
West Riding. So there is not one great moor,
but many moors, like Rombold's Moor between
the valleys of the Aire & the Wharfe. For instance, if
you might go far before you found more
beautiful scenery than is to be had from
the edge of a moor where you look down into
a lovely green valley at your feet. Have

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'Days' all come when everything goes wrong: every
man's hand is against us; we have sinned
at our sin has found us out. The devil comes
to our ears whispering that God has given us up.
That the good man alone is the child of God.
Then we turn our faces both to the world & the devil.
Why should we cry unto God when he will
not hear? Ah! but if we remember that he
is indeed 'Our Father' - the Father of ^{all} men.

people of the sturdy sinners, "I know I am the chief."
 Then we have found today, "Father, I am come
 & the blessed tears come like the heavy rain
 & the solitary place of that poor heart - blossoms."
 like the rose.
 & the very one answers, that God is called to the last hour

MS. A. 9. 2. 11. 10. 234
 "Let him offend in this rebellion, averted by hanging them
 up in trees, as by the quartering of them, the setting of
 their heads & quarters in every town, great & small
 & small other such places, so they may be a fearful
 spectacle to all others hereafter. But would I prosper any
 like matter?" And, "you shall, without pity, cause all
 the murders & commons that be in any parish faultly
 who tied up, without delay or ceremony, to the
 terrible example of others."

While a captive of the
 very faithfully did Norfolk execute his Master's
 orders, & while vengeance was taken upon those
 who had joined in the "Pilgrimage of Grace," as
 this rebellion was called. If the leaders, Ask
 & others suffered at York; some were executed
 in London, Lady Keshborough, Margaret has been
 support to the cause, was burnt at Smithfield.
 did Henry VIII. put down rebellion

James did Henry VIII. put down rebellion
in his action, caring very little for the new
religion or the old, but only that he might have
his way, & might fill his coffers with the wealth
of the ^{monastic} ~~unfortunate~~ Abbeys.
Elizabeth is putting Henry

Not less cruel was Elizabeth in putting down
amongst the Yorkshire rebellion than Mary, known
as the "Maid of the North", the story of
which is told in the "White Doe of Rylston"
Some bad labouring people were hanged in the
various towns through which the rebels had passed &
the leaders were dealt with even more severely.

But: as regards the Boston, the story of the poem is not quite correct: Richard North was
of this was escaped to Glanders.

of his sons escaped to
Rome, the head quarters of the rebels during
the Pilgrimage of Grace. He distinguished itself from
him. The Earl of Cornwall hurriedly set upon it for
a month, expected to reduce it. But he left the command
in other hands. ^{Northampton} had the honors of being the last
stronghold in England which held out for the King. 600

2 We have only been able to work upon a few of the
Mines which belong to the Government (London, 1894)
compared with other than the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries

[illegible]

This is the sort of thing that you see in
Craven, a very lovely part of the West Riding
~~beginning about the ^{place} market town of Chappell~~
holding the upper valleys of the three sister rivers
the Wharfe, the Aire, & the Ribbles.

South of Graves, the long fells which divide York-
shire from Lancashire become more steep & have
the edges you see marked on the map.

Average annual fall in the country is 30 inches a year; there is a gradual increase, from 20 inches in the eastern ~~lowlands~~ lowlands, to 50 in the western highlands.

The total length of the Ouse is about 150 miles. It is formed by the junction of the Great Ouse; its principal considerable feeder, is the Great Ouse, which has a much shorter course than the other streams. The Great Ouse & Don. At York, it is joined by the Great Ouse. Then, the Great Ouse brings its full tide of water from the western highlands; then, the Great Ouse, the longest tributary, brings the eastern drainage, the Great Ouse, swelled by its important tributary, the Great Ouse, from the west; & lastly, the Don, with its flock of feeders, Sheep & Rother, Deerness & Wharfe, joins the Great Ouse not far from the sea. Thus we have on the right-hand, Great Ouse, Great Ouse & Don, & on the left, the Great Ouse & the Great Ouse. The district about the lower courses of the Don & the Ouse is an immense flat swampy, extending into Lincolnshire. The Don is navigable for steamboats as far as Selby, from the beginning of the Don, that is, the confluence of the Ouse & the Great Ouse, to the sea, is 100 miles. At its widest part, the estuary measures five miles across, at Hull, at the junction of the Great Ouse, it is three miles wide. Shipping sand banks make the navigation of the Don so difficult that practised pilots usually take charge of incoming vessels.

London pronounced that the best way to the Yorkshire was to follow up its several rivers.